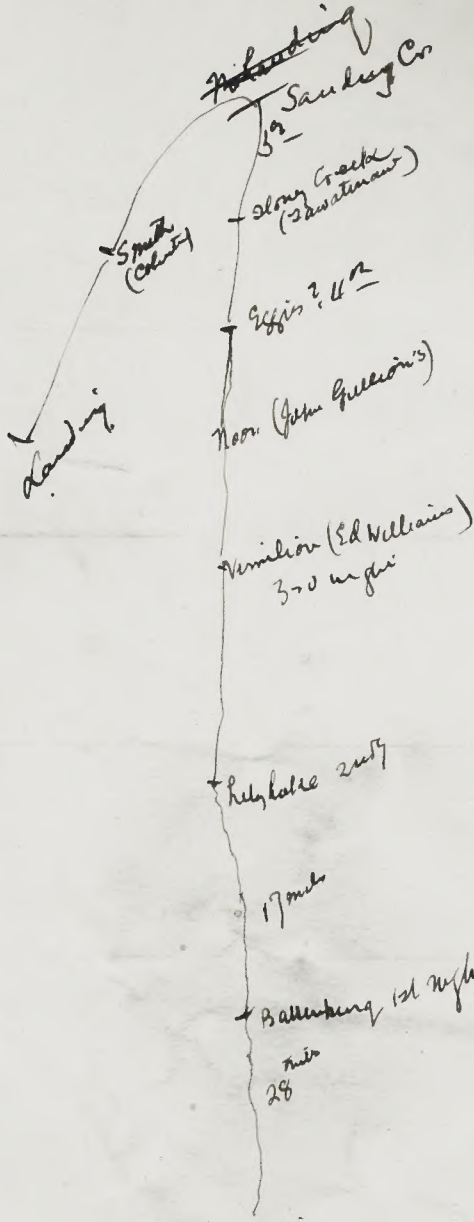

Louis Dorval with Oxen for H.B.Co

1905

1845

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Gov. would accept
Brett's Resignation.
until he concluded
negotiations of
forms

Calgary - more shot up.
Windows left - 300 # round.
by Reuels
Fallmore came down street.
"are you victor?" - dr trouble
suffering from exp. charge -
Soldier in church. Discharged
Germany. One broke -
Wolves in Banff. Strong
dr clutching at. Vaudeville & exit.
Banff closed not able to walk

Sq Phills - Progressive
Tom D. Brett come out of
Alfalfa. Come in.
Brett looked at me.
Claudia, Did you? Anything to
eat? Yes sir, not begging.
Yes I am working.
Here's $5 - Supper's over
& beat Midnight train.
11 miles later.
"I'm going back" Made
enough..."...

Fred Stinson - Stole own
Doubletree.

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- Kind, quiet, gentleman -
Ed. Belgium - gold med - for
French Literature
Pub. in Bologne
after Family: Grand P. W. and
Pt. Chamber Pub.
House - Engr. St. Giles C. actual
was restored by Grand P.
after Artist on Mother's
Father's side
St. N. Paxton - scotch Baronet -
Sp. art. to Queen Vic.
Walter Paxton & Mrs Aird
Fame as Sculptress.
Words: was Dr. Paxton
Female minister of Dwelling for

great tower outskirts of
Edenborough - where
still dwelled drove
of Gipsys cackling women
- dancing & Trad - Trials for
witchcraft. Ed. off at Uncle's
Place. Was close to Preston Pans.
- Bonnie Prince Charlie
Had Routed Eng. Reg. Romantic
attempt - Throne & Adventures.
Tower in Arthurs seat -
Outline of Lion - looked down
in D motor manner
Hollywood - one. Home of
Scottish Kings close at Hand.
D. Poyton - Had artistic
gift of family - & Walls of
big old Manor were
decorated over Panels

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Police found dead body
of man on roadway just
outside door of Atlantic
Hotel. Made investigation
was a C. P. R. man, from
winnipeg. Midnight train.
nobody had seen in Col.

Keenly wide was name.
Autopsy performed. Surgeon
found that had little hole
in head. Bruises around
it. Killed by persons
unknown. good news
story. quite a hotel excitement.
Mr. Bott held Services.
Undertaker could look

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dnts Putens + Post.
Fudge: "come tell who killed Kearley side?"
"When got home, will you into trouble see."
Sgt. told H. he could tell who killed K. & Proper Setting.
"Got to be stoin' with Corp of Dead man"
Body + Coppy's work'
Undertaking Kitchen Called Coroner - Chief of Police.

200 - below

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no fire. Kendryside was naked - Physique good. Coppey Smart looking on. Fellow from Ogston on another couch - Body placed on floor - Arnason pulled up couch beside K's body - Face about 6 inches from K's face. "Take down everything" - Arnason looked at Dead man - Place was cold. Waited for a few minutes (Chief made usual remarks) Arnason beg on to mount & room - began to talk. "I can see man get off train. Went to Pacific

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Hotel & tried to get in. No.
looked for another hotel -
out of shadows came crouchy
figure - followed him.
Crouching figure into town.
Man kept close to Atlantic
Hotel. Walked in.
Man pulled piece of lead
attached of elastic. when
K. S tugged in hit him on
head. K.S. said "you dirty
dog". Put hand in pocket -
ran down door - S then
thinking of taking train to
Spokane - no train to
day light. Rosin's room

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then on out onto Prairie Thr
& Shoyaniippe. Here now.
Chief said nowhere.
"Where's his home"
Macdonald & works at
Can Cloin Mills
"There is only a man"
get in touch at once.
Amman went on home -
Calvin went to municipality

Chief: next morning "Good
murderer! Read letter!
Letter from Buddy
in Winnipeg. Read

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Worked with A in Eng.
Monkey wrench hurt hit
him on head. Drunk skin
would throb — Mac.
was getting married to

- 1902 - 7 Feb. 07

Mode 1901-0702

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2.

scenes. Bob Ed. board.
Want to school sx. and.
Ecc. c op of Scott Two
Morden aunts. atte. Royal
Hugh Edin. Alma mater
of Sir W. Scott. Furnished
Ed. in Belgium.
Spoke & Read French.
For a time - gentleman
apprentice in Sir James
Monnick Firm c Clark & Coy Glasgow.
Note applied to Bob.-

W. H. Heald.

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Coppy. Smart - 60 years
Capt. of Calgary Fire
Brigade - Duke of York.
Come here. Coppy was not
Introduced - but attended
him for Protection. Prince
met the Meeting of Indians.
M.P. and Gordon around
Indian Chiefs made
Speeches. Rev. Dr. John
Then was entertained.
Prince com Ploy around a
Some wine Mounted
Stopped Procession.
Some Ind. were dressed
in Bonbins Splendid.

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Not unlike 7 ye chiefs
Uniform. Cappy's mast
Strolled onto scene.
John Mc: 1'. Permit me
to introduce Chief's mast'.
Pmin in High Eng. voice
turned to Mc + said:
Do. Mc. of what tribe is
that splendid savage?

Mc thought it entertainment

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New Year

Owen Bott. Chemist Coly.

Bott was a Puritanical.

Had sermons. People used to

meanerize each other.

My stic declords comment with

tremors. Rolled round. Years

came. Gone with Miss Milton.

" all appear before you.

Whenever you are:-

Miss Milton: Hasn't been

at any sermons. No

discussed of that declords.

Hasn't had a bath

for 3 three weeks!

$ 65.00
16.00
45.00
3.00
1.70

$136.70
18.00

148.70
15.00
30.00

45.00

Hall - Edmonton

Rio [illegible]

[illegible]

Bill Teon -
ask Hanson

Jemmi Conyon

Comming Jocks -
Dunc's on Weld House
Swedes -

Forty Mile Creek

Whisky Creek
Dr. Brett....

Crock - box - saucers..

"More money you owe
the banks the nicer
you are"
"never turned anybody
down."
Bob Edwards slimer

Allen Mother
Boat House
ask about Jock
Stanley's Diary

George Pulhom
Trail of 98

Teon
838
Gorge Rd.
West
Victoria.

First Funeral at
Banff
Stone Pipe.

First Curling Match
Dr. Brett. Hotel + Son
got it comin + going
Curling on Gov. Grounds
Mother boated all day
"Center ice" with
Crockery with hotel.
Locked boys (Rem.)
in -
"Are you there, old
chap.?"
Dr. Brett held
Receptions.

Caroline Stanley
133 Avenue Road
Toronto.

Jock Stanley's
Diary.

8 W
W
W

Bonfils name
Early Explorers
Russell
Thompson
Simpson
Father De Smet
Hot Springs
Billy McCardle
Custer Legends
Custer who wanted
to see "
Johnson Canyon
Whiskey Creek
Silver City
Dr. Brett.

Columbia or Ontario find tales of the Ogopogo . . . the monster that lives in the water . . . but surely no 5 Ogopogo is as big or as terrible as the one that lives in the North Saskatchewan. Do you remember Hatfield the rainmaker? There's a fantastic tale. Have you never heard of ~~the exploits~~ of "Twelve-foot Davis"? Have you never respected the Alberta imagination as reflected in the tall tales? The tall tales of Alberta are as good as those anywhere. In fact, maybe better. Listen to a few tall-tales, made up by the folk to buck up flagging spirits, and to preserve the optimism of the land.

Down at Brooks, an old timer tells this story about a high wind. "One day when we were on the roudup a heck of a wind started to blow. I knew it was going to be a humdinger so I picked out the biggest beef I could see and slung it back of my saddle to weigh down my horse and keep us from being blowed away. The other boys saw what I was doing and did the same. The wind blew so cold and so hard and for so long that all of us got pneumonia, and all them other fellows kicked off, one by one, till I was left alone.

"The wind blew for days, but me and the gorse and that beef stuck together. Barns, houses, chickens, fences and all kinds of things kept blowing past us, but the funniest thing was an old fellow a-sittin' in a rocking chair, sail-

P.L.

Col. Debney: Story of flea catching in Alberta

Lodging in east - consumption - lost heart. life in west. Waterton, camped with Indians - white shroud (mother) Cree & West improved - later was able to get around. Wanted to go north. encouraged on learning that Baron Rothschild who was specializing in flea collection - backed the fleas of arctic animals. Each species has own flea. Rothschild was said to be willing £ Pay £ 5 for flea his collection lacked. had dumped & started off - taking shroud. When he trapped animals. (they got rid of fleas left) dig comment sponge near animals nest which fleas could enter. - (Would use shroud as sponge. -) arranged plots near traps. When found animals in traps he carefully turned back plots & picked out fleas. Bottled them & sent them off to Baron Rothschild - later came back to Jasper after successful visit north. Rothschild (collected fleas first before & during last war.)

Illustrates versatility of the West -

Material received from Mrs. McQueen

2 copies made R.B.K.
Reme in Note Books

Pioneers:

Mrs. Agnes Hutchings

Pioneer Children: McDougall's (George)

Colin Fraser

G.R.F. Kirkpatrick

Frank Oliver

Donald Graham

Jack Norris

James Gibbons

General Historial:

Some Edmonton Forts, Their Factors, and the Big House

Early History of Central Alberta.

Edmonton to Jasper 100 Years Ago

Miscellaneous:

Women of the West

The Athabasca Trail

Christmas Festivities

Christmas, 1879.

Fireworks Show, 1893

First Indian Day

Good Old Dances

Oliver

Excerpts from [illegible] given on the occasion of the official opening of the 50th

Romantic Alberta

Intro Survey the Province

1. Fort Edmonton – neighborhoods
2. Edmonton Festival –
3. Place names
4. Characters – Dave Cochrane
5. Sayings – [illegible]
6. Location, location
7. Religion – [illegible] Parliament

[illegible]

[illegible]

Then — there are many heroes — in Alberta —
Heroes of exploration, Pioneer heroes who opened
up the new land — Heroes like Bob Edwards
who championed the cause of the underpaid —
the little man — Heroes of the tall story, like
Dave McDougall, and of course many unsung
Heroes....

Tonight, however, I want to tell you
about one of the Annual heroes of Alberta...
Midnight the famous stampede horse.

well recall that Christmas morning that revealed in my stocking a single lump of maple sugar. But the spirit was there, and I was happy. I didn't question how Santa came, of what he brought, or the fact that there was not a track on the fields that spread for miles from our door. He had remembered me. That was enough."

At old Fort Edmonton the Hudson's Bay men and their guest had splendid Christmas feasts. And the stories about them are full of good humor. In 1848 Paul Kane, the artist, visited Fort Edmonton at Christmas time. He left a very good account of the Edmonton festivities. Kane wrote that: "No table cloth shed its snowy whiteness over the board. No silver candelabra or gaudy china interfered with its simple magnificence. The bright tin plates and dishes reflected jolly faces, and burnished gold can give no greater zest to a feast.

"At the head was a large dish of buffalo hump; at the foot a whole boiled buffalo calf. My pleasant duty was to help a dish of dried moose nose; the gentleman on my left distributed, with delightful impartiality, the whitefish delicately browned in buffalo marrow. The worthy priest helped the buffalo tongue, whilst the Protestant missionary cut up the beaver tails. Nor was the other gentleman left unemployed, as all his spare time was occupied dissecting a wild goose. The centre of the table was graced with piles of potatoes, turnips, and bread . . . conveniently placed so that each could help himself without interrupting the labors of his companions. Such was our jolly Christmas dinner at Fort Edmonton, and long will it remain in my memory, though no pies, or pudding, or blanc manges shed their fragrance over the scene."

In the evening a great dance was held to which all the persons of the Fort were invited. Indians voyageurs, half-breeds dressed and decorated with countless trinkets were present, as well as Paul Kane and the officials of the Fort. Kane hi self led a Cree squaw to the floor and danced a mad reel, while the Indian lady gravely jumped up and down.

Yes, the West had a tradition of philosophic acceptance of whatever the circumstances may be at Christmas time. And the true Westerner will usually even strive to <u>better</u> circumstances a bit. I haven't heard <u>lately</u> of anybody kidnapping a restaurant cook to get his Christmas dinner, or of anyone advertising in the "Heart and Hand" columns for a wife to arrive exactly on Christmas day to do the cooking . . . but I can well imagine that in the mind of some lonely rancher or trapper, or trader, some such scheme may even now be taking shape.

However, even the most mornful and lonely Christmas in the West can be a source of fun for years following. During the gold rush to the Yukon in 1898-99 two Edmonton men found themselves stranded in the North on Christmas day with only beans for dinner. Their commiseration reached such ludicrous heights that ever afterwards on Christmas day they exchanged telegrams. One would wire: "Ain't this awful, Bill?" and the other would unfailingly reply: "It sure is, Frank!"

Needham FIRE

I was talking the other day to Forest Brown, chairman of the school board at Macleod, about the prairie fires which burned in the old days, when he was a member of the Mounted Police. Those were the days when prairie fires really burned. He recalls seeing one which swept up from the American side. Later report showed that this particular fire stretched all the way from Alberta to Manitoba.

Mr. Brown recalled one fire which burned up as far as the banks of the St. Mary's River, which was then over a mile wide. He warned a couple of ranchers on the other side of the river, that they would be wise to move. They laughed at him: how could the fire cross over a mile of river? But the fire did that; flaming grass was thrown rifht across the river by the intensity of the fire; and the brothers were burned out.

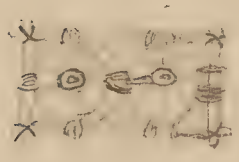
Most of the fires were started by matches. But matches were the best precaution against the fires, and every policeman carry them. If a man saw a prairie fire rolling along toward him, he would have to burn a strip of grass running toward the fire. Then when the fire came upon him, he would walk along this black strip and right through it, much like the children of Israel crossing the Red Sea. The flames would roar right past him, because there was nothing to burn on the blackened strip where he walked.

Prairie fires weren't fought with water in those days. Usually, there was no water to fight them with. The best emergency method of fighting a prairie fire was with men, horses and cattle. The men would take a steer, kill it and slit it down the middle. Two men on horseback would then ride through the burning grass, dragging the wet steer along the ground between them . This called for plenty of wide and heavy and strong. But it worked.

aroused when the young man made a sudden disappearance..

May 25th:.....we rode twenty miles, without a halt, that bitterly cold, raw, east*windy morning, only stopping when we reached the flooded stream of the Rice River.

After breakfast we drove the horses across, while M'Kay built an ingenious scow by stretching our largest oil-skin over the wheels of the cart. These ironless wheels have a great outward set, so that when taken off and laid on their naves the level of the tires rests a foot or more above that of the ground. Two of them being placed side by side on the oilcloth, were firmly tied together; four poles were then lashed to each other so as to form an oblong, and this being fastened upon the wheels, and the oil-skin beneath (A A A)drawn up and attached to it, a strong and buoyant scow was the result,' the wheels being at once framework and platform, while the poles made a steady gunwale for the paddles to work on.--'The luggage and the vehicles were safely and speedily ferried over.



Chinook is the little blind daughter of the great southwind. Sometimes in the dead of winter, the little Chinook steals out of her hiding place in the Castle and blows through the mountain passes down onto the frozen flatlands, bringing with her a temporary springtime.

The Story Legend of Lake Louise.

~~The stoney Indians also have a beautiful legend about Lake Louise.~~ When the world was very young, giants peopled the earth. A certain giant chief, a very famous hunter, was never satisfied with the number of animal monsters killed by his arrows or caught in his snares.

One day he saw a rainbow in the sky. The more he watched it, the more he wanted it, because he believed it would make him a magic bow. Climbing the tallest tree on earth, he tore the rainbow from its place, but when he grasped it, the colors melted. In exasperated anger, the giant dashed the rainbow against the nearest rocky peak, and it fell shattered to the bottom of the nearest lake. The gods of the elements then made another arch to hold up the sky when it rained, but the colors of the shattered rain-

bow are still seen spreading through the waters of Lake Louise.

Two other mountain stories should be mentioned. The first concerns an interesting ghost town near Castle Mountain. Very few persons passing the mountain station on the C. P. R. know that the once flourishing boom town of Silver City stood nearby; there is nothing to show where it was except a faint trace of the main street, filled-in cellars, old wells, and bits of rubble. But the old-timers in Banff will tell you that in 1883-84, Silver City hoped to be one of the really great towns of the West.

In 1881, a prospector named Joe Healey saw a Stoney Indian with a specimen of ore and induced him to show him where it had been found. Healey spread the news around, and when the railroad came through in 1883, the great trek to Silver City began.

Actually, not much silver was found. Some copper was located, and thousands of dollars spent in different "wildcat" developments, none of which came to anything. The romance of Silver City is not a romance of wealth, but of golden dreams and high hopes. Some of the mines had names like

tribe.

I have heard another somewhat similar legend about the Stoneys which seems to indicate the presence of a more mysterious tribe in the mountains. One time the Stonys were starving. There was no game. Two of the strongest braves set out to search the mountains for food. They found nothing and finally became so weak that they lay down to die. They were awakened by tender hands stroking their bodies. When they opened their eyes they saw several very small men, pure white in color. The men motioned the braves to arise, and when they did so they felt new strength. The tiny white men motioned toward a nearby valley, and the next instant had disappeared. As they went into the valley, the two Stoney braves saw a wonderful sight. In the bottom of the valley a great bull moose was standing with hobbles on its legs.

There is a very beautiful legend about Castle Mountain twenty miles from Banff, where the Chinook Wind is said to have her home. The Chinook is supposedly the little blind daughter of the great southwind. Sometimes in the dead of winter the gentle Chinook steals out of her hiding place in the Castle and blows through the mountain passes, down onto the frozen flatlands, bringing with her a temporary springtime .

The folk tales sometimes embrace more realistic materials

At Banff I heard still another story of the "mountain oil". William McCardell, known as "Billy" to his friends had discovered in 1883, along with his brother Tom and his friend Frank McCabe, the famous hot springs rising out of the side of Sulphur Mountain at Banff. Billy saw much gold resulting from this discovery, but unfortunately, the Minister of the Interior thought the springs should be National property, and Bill got only $900 as his share.

A little later Lafayette French arrived and told Bill the tale of the lost "Lemon gold mine". The two formed a partnership and went prospecting, but though they covered every valley along the western slope of the divide, they found no trace of the lost Elderado. However, when they reached Tobacco Plains, Idaho, they saw an old Indian ruvving crude oil on his sore shoulder joints. After all other persuasions had failed, Bill offered the Indian his horse if he'd lead them to the oil. The Indain accepted and led them to a small, oil-covered slough in what is now Waterton Lakes Park. Sometime later, Bill and French arrived at Banff with approximately one gallon of oil

in a variety of containers.

According to the story, residents of Calgary heard of the oil find and organized the "Homestead Oil Company". They drilled a well, and oil was struck at five hundred feet. Water started coming in, a prairie fire destroyed the rig, and Bill's oil boom became history.

Bill was always having hard luck. He stood at the door to vast wealth a number of times, but something always happened. Bill secured work at the coal mining town of Anthracite, five miles from Banff and now abandoned; for a year he worked around the mine, becoming acquainted with the author, Ralph Connor, and some of the men who later became heroes in Connor's books. When Canadian Anthracite opened a second mine at Canmore, eleven miles east, Bill went there, and championed the cause of the mine workers -- which lost him his job. Bill wasn't beaten yet, however, and with a couple of partners staked out 8,200 acres of coal lands east and west of Canmore. The partners organized a coal company and sold out to an English Syndicate for $490,000. They received a small down payment, and were expecting more, when the first World War broke. English capital was prohibited being sent abroad for speculative purposes, and another bubble burst for Bill.

Bill then secured a contract to supply mine-props for the coal mine at Bankhead, near Banff, and worked hard at this job until the mine closed in 1923. But by that time Bill figured he could retire.

prairie chickens, rabbit mulligan, dumplings and bacon, and a big plum duff. The way we made plum duff was to mix flour, suet and baking powder; into this we dumped a large quantity of raisins, brown sugar, and spices. We mixed it up with water, rolled it in flour, placed it in a bag and boiled. With a vinegar sauce it was jake. Just writing about it makes me wish I had some."

confined its criticism to matters more closely concerning itself. The band does not exist for the purpose of showing its uniform.... but for playing good music: something unheard of in Calgary....

And so, on and so forth right up to the present day....

I have spoken before of the great fight that went on in Edmonton over the location of the Land Office in 1892. Perhaps I'd better sketch in the background of this squabble again. It all began like this: When the Calgary-Edmonton railway was built it stopped on the south side. The contractors had taken part pay in land and when the line reached Edmonton the contractors determined to stop on the south side where their land claim lay, the station was, in fact, located on the claim of Thomas Anderson, the Land Agent and an agitation was immediately started to have the land office moved over to the South side of the river. You may imagine what a howl went up from the North side folk, for the land office, was naturally, the determining factor. Whither the office went, there would the town grow up, and so forth.

I needn't point out, of course, that there was a mighty strong spirit on the north side. You will recall that last week I spoke of the claim jumping, and how the Edmonton men had formed a vigialance committee to uphold property rights. You may recall, too, that there had been an Edmonton Home Guard formed during the Rebellion of '85.....and the Guard was still in existance in 1892. North Edmonton was a proud little place with almost one-hundred years of tradition to back up its pride.

Thus when the Land Office Agent came with team and wagon across the ferry to gather up his records for moving to the

south side a battle began. The old home guard was called out by Matt McCauley, the Mayor. Weapons were polished up, many a club was prepared and hefted. The alarum was sent out and an angry mob gathered. Nuts were taken off the wagon axles and the horses unhitched.....Mr. Anderson then went to the Police barracks and returned with two policemen, but since the wagin had been more or less completetely dismantled, nothing could be done. Another attempt ewas made, this time with a four horse team, but again the same thing happened. Wires were sent to ottawa by the Mayor, assucations were hurled back and forth across the river, and for a little time a mighty battle seemed to be brewing.....Ottawa, so the story goes, wired the Mounted Police to quell the North Side agitation, but when Major Griesbach attempted to enter the town with his detachment from Fort Saskatchewan he found sturdy opposition..... Well, the whole thing boiled down in a dxy few days, but not before some feelings were injured, and not before, according to the Edmonton Bulletin, faith was shaken in the Government.

You may recall that I said at one time, that many papers carried articles in support of the Edmonton uprising....and here is one such article carried by the Medicine Hat Times.

" If every community" said the Time" showed as much pluck when their interests are at stake, as did the Edmonton people in the recent trouble over the location of their lands and timber office, we would hear less of the selection of town sites by Cabinte Ministers on their own property, or of railroads running to a point on the prairie three or four miles from the

sport they were supposed to make their terminus. In the Edmonton affair there is a rumor that a certain Cabinet minister was interested personally in the removal of the lands office to the south side of he river.

The citizens of Edmonton did well to use physical force to prevent the removel of the office south of the river where it would have been difficult of access to a large proportion of the population, in the district.....

Well, there are two sides to the matter, of course. And even now some old timer standing on Whyte avenue in South Edmonton will wistfully point out the long, unbroken stretch of land to the east and will mutter: " What a main business street that would have made! "

I am no judge of these matters myself, but it was certainly fun while it lasted!

[illegible] of the official starter proved to consist of three-fifths and started to run, but the fire [illegible] went off in his face. [illegible] scattered from him in every direction.

This celebrated event took [illegible] for the counties. The Indians were convinced that the white people had brought them to Thurston to [illegible] them, and it was felt that such conviction in the mind of all the Indians in this territory could have serious consequences. Accordingly the counties were sent out to warn the [illegible] to keep [illegible] sentinel, and convince them that [illegible] and beneficent. One of the [illegible] was shot [illegible] Indians before they [illegible] any large [illegible] of Indians.

(2) Thurston even had a "Vigilance Committee" (1) Even in the early [illegible] to meet the [illegible] events. There was only five [illegible] at the [illegible], but [illegible] began to arrive. The country was unsurveyed and the original settlers had a right to the land. The newcomers, therefore, attempted to [illegible] and build where[illegible] they chose.

Soon it was [illegible], so a "Vigilance Committee" was formed with Matt Moseley, a sturdy pioneer, as captain. Whenever a new settler attempted to [illegible] land already claimed, he was promptly warned. If he persisted in [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

And now, a very tragic tale.

15

... the final stage of the Mobile project, the story of the ... early days of the Civil War. ... with the ... Indian ... of the West; but ... in the ... Probably ... uprisings of 1862, ... Rebellion might have ... prevented, with ... and tolerance.

... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible]

amazing

, by raising the devil.

Heroic,

You will find an inspiring answer to that question in what one little community did. Its name is Larenzo, Iowa. Larenzo has 2200 souls; in other words, it's a little larger than Fernville, Alberta. But every autumn over 450 grownups go back to school for a concentrated session of study. During eleven weeks they attend class periods and forums aimed at mental alertness, community improvement and democratic living. The whole process is self-organized and financed. An elected council of forty is responsible for the administration. To ensure democratic control there are ten farm men, ten farm women, ten men and ten women from town. The enrollment fee is one dollar. Now in its fifth year of operation, the school boasts a surplus of over $500.

In many ways the project resembles that of Lennoxville. For example, it teaches no skills of commercial value and it pays no salaries. But it does not suffer for lack of talent. The organizer of the choral music class is a member of the Lutheran choir and the teacher is a farm wife with professional choral experience. A clergyman handles the public speaking class and the high school principal is in charge of the book-review group. As a result of the keen interest in this latter group, the library reports a 40% increase in the circulation of non-fiction material. There is a farm class devoted to the discussion of agricultural problems, and a class in current problems which has studied over the past years such topics as taxation, insurance and juvenile delinquency.

Then, as all these classes sojourn, comes the civic forum. It's the dessert at this weekly feast for school-hungry grownups. It takes place in the high school auditorium. Everybody attends. The speaker is an outsider, chosen by the school's governing council, and he's paid. Controversial subjects are permitted, but the speakers must be authorities. Farm leaders, labor representatives, political analysts and educators,

The Lawyers and Judges of any region usually furnish their share of good humor and we have been impressed by the innumerable tales about Paddy Nolan, the famous Calgary attorney.

The Greatest Wit in the West

One day when Paddy Nolan was sitting in his Calgary law office, Shorty McLaughlin from High River came to see him. Shorty was mighty sore. The C.P.R. train, it seems, had recently run over and killed twenty-one of his horses.

After listening to Shorty's bitter threats at the railroad, Paddy Nolan leaned back and asked with a smile: "Well, Shorty, what do you want me to do?"

"Do'" yelled Shorty. "Did I understand you to ask what I want you to do? Sue 'em, man! I want double, maybe triple value for every cayuse they've slaughtered!"

"I'm sorry, Shorty," said Paddy Nolan, "but I can't take your case."

"You can't! Why not? Ain't my money as good..."

Paddy Nolan held up his hand. "It's nothing like that, Shorty. You see, the railroad men are right. Any horse that can't outrun the C.P.R. deserves to die."

Upon such retorts, grew Paddy Nolan's reputation as a master wit and joker. He became equally famous as a criminal lawyer and humorist. When Paddy was defending a criminal case, the courtroom was apt to be packed. Juries expected with and usually got plenty of it.

According to one of Paddy's contemporaries, he was not an especially handsome man. He was below middle height, and pretty n nearly as broad as he was long, with a paunch that shook and trembled as he walked. He had keen eyes, and wore a black moustache. He was usually in a state of profuse perspiration, and was constantly

RADIO TALK--DECEMBER 10, 1033

Good Evening: Well, last week I told you the tale of Bushey, the Cree Indian, who received such a strange message while travelling up the Peace River. Tonight I want to tell you some other Alberta tales. Alberta stories are coming in so fast, that' it's indeed hard to choose the best ones..

However, I have collected a few especially good ones which seem to demonstrate the spirit of initiative and imagination of the early days in Alberta.

Jeff Davis

I want to tell you first, about Jeff Davis.. I don't mean the Jeff Davis who was President of the Confederacy during the American Civil War, but the Jeff Davis who was a simple bull-whacker in the Employ of the I.. G.. Baker Company---the big trading company which at one time supplied much of Southern Alberta.. They used to bring many wagon-loads of goods into Alberta over the old Ft.. Benton trail from Montana.

Jeff Davis had been working for the Company for many years. He was born and bred a teamster. He loved the great, creaking wagons, and even more, he loved the oxen he drove. Well, the time came, when the railroad was built into the South, and the inevitable change occurred .. The old way had to give to the new. The I.. G.. Baker Company knew that it could ship much cheaper and more rapidly by train.....and one day the message that Jeff Davis feared, came through. " Dismantle all bull-teams.. Shipping will henceforward be done by rail." The message farther stated that the oxen, used for freighting, were to be taken to a ranch some ten miles south of Mcleod, there to be fattened, and sold for slaughter on the beef market..

You can imagine how Jeff Davis felt. He sat very still on his wagon tongue and thought the matter out.. The oxen symbolized his whole life....the labor and care of a lifetime..He had no other training than driving bull-teams. Like many another old-timer, pushed out of the way by the rush of progress,, he felt very bitter.. He was at a dead-end.

Some member of the Company,, possibly realizing how Jeff Davis was feeling,. gave him the job of taking the oxen to the ranch; so the next day Jeff drove the steers ~~xxxxxxxxxxx~~ south, and when he got to the ranch he didn't stop,, but kept driving the animals until he had them some ten miles south of where they should have been. He then rode to the ranch-house and told the foreman that he hadn't been quite able to reach the ranch with the oxen that day,. and that he'd drive them in tomorrow.. Next day,, however, Jeff Davis went back to get the steers, but instead of driving them to the ranch-house,. he drove them some ten miles farther south toward the American border. He then rode back to the ranch..

The ranchmen were very busy just then,. and didn't pay a great deal of attention to what Jeff was doing.. So each day Jeff would ride out very early in the morning,, drive the steers a bit farther south,, and return to the ranch. Eventually he had his pets some fifty miles south of the ranch,, in fine pasture,. shelter and with good water.. When he thought they were safely hidden,, Jeff told the ranch foreman that the steers had drifted away in the night and that he was unable to find them.

The foreman now began to take an interest in what was going on.. He was responsible to the Company for the steers, and the loss, ~~xx~~ if they were not discovered, would be heavy.. So he put his men on the job and they combed the hills and valleys for days,, but could find

absolutely no trace of the missing oxen.. When the men finally returned with the news that they couldn't find the steers, Jeff Davis was happy. His pets were safe.

The foreman was very angry with Jeff, but there was apparently nothing that could be done about the situation, and Jeff was allowed to stay on at the ranch, doing odd jobs and making himself useful as an old man can be.

The oxen were meanwhile enjoying the fat of the fine grass country along the Milk River, ~~and~~ I suppose they might have lived out their lives in this happy way, had it not been for the sentiment old Jeff felt for them. For Jeff couldn't let the oxen alone.. In the dark of night he would take a horse from the ranch and ride out to see that the steers were all right. Night after night he did this. And finally the inevitable happened. The men at the ranch noticed ~~it~~ that often one of the saddle horses would appear very tired in the morning, as though it had been ridden hard all night. So they started keeping watch. On the first night of their watch Jeff appeared, saddled a horse, and set off toward the south. Of course the men followed him, discovered what he was doing, and the next day the missing oxen were driven home to the ranch, there to be shipped with other cattle, to the market.

This was almost the end of the road for Jeff Davis. His world was over. Unable to bear the fate of his friends, the oxen, he drifted away, and as far as I know, was never heard of again.....

....

I was down, the other day, talking with my friend Mr. Campbell Young who lives here in Edmonton. Mr.. Young has spent many years in the North as a trader and pioneer, and has had many very interesting

The men who went north through Edmonton to the Klondyke in 1898 left many humorous and fantastic tales.

One expedition under the command of Colonel Helpman, arrived from England thirty members strong. The outfit was complete. Hats for the horses, hay-choppers, special oats and even portable baths for the members. Out on the road, the expedition was soon known as the "Helpless Expedition". The packers conspired against the party. How a packer could lose the best part of a cook stove and not notice it until several miles had passed is a mystery still to be solved. Tents soon lost their pegs, then lost themselves. The hay, oats, and other provisions were so much quicksilver. Some of the party got to Fort Simpson, but eventually all returned to Edmonton, considerably wiser, but oh so broke!

Other stampeders, not as affluent, left Edmonton with ingenious contraptions designed to make the road easier on the 2500 mile trek.

Texas Smith was given a grand send off as he pushed his three barrels arranged tricycle-wise before him. In the hogsheads were all his supplies and provisions. On top of these was the platform on which he proposed to sleep. It was a dejected Texan who loped along before the hoops fell right off. He was able to trace his return route by the rice beans and flour that had leaked out. The townppeople refrained from joking in his presence. Anyway they had others to watch.

In a shed near the river bank, Brenneau Fabian was preparing for

Good evening-- Calgary -- Edmonton-- Cochrane-- Camrose-- and, -- if we may step just across the provincial border for a moment-- a special good evening to the town of Wartime in the province of Saskatchewan. It's wartime in Wartime right now, but we hope it will soon be peacetime in Wartime...and peacetime everywhere else.

Let us not forget, as Western Canada grows older and more sophisticated-- let us not forget, in all our changes, the hopeful and heroic names of these towns and villages on the bald-headed prairie. They got their names 30 and 40 years ago, when every man west of Winnipeg was an optimist-- and proud of it. Well, maybe some of the optimism has gone, but the optimistic names linger on. Perhaps they will yet come into their just inheritance.

Some of these colourful names are scattered all over the place, and some of them are all in a heap on one stretch of railway line. For instance, you can take a train out of Coronation in Central Alberta and travel-- in the short space of a hundred miles-- through such stirring and important places as Throne, Veteran, Loyalist, Fusilier, Major, Superb and Onward. Onward, Saskatchewan-- that's a fine name for a railway station. And there's Supreme. In Central Alberta there's a community called Buoyant. Do the people of Buoyant march onward? Do the people of Onward feel buoyant? In the southern part of Alberta you may find the town of Foremost, and a station called Majestic. And then again there's one in Saskatchewan called Supreme. Onward, Buoyant, Superb-- Foremost, Majestic, Supreme--- there's the early history of Western Canada for you in a nutshell.

were so

If you make a careful study of the map of Western Canada, you would end up with a great deal of appreciation for the men who chose the names. They maye have been a little extravagant at times-- but their hearts

were high, and they chose the names, for the most part, with dignity and discretion. Look at the map of Western Canada and you will see their story written in the names of towns and villages. Here are their hopes: Plenty Sovereign Fortune Conquest Bounty. Renown. And here are their virtues: Liberty, Valor Stalwart Holdfast. They had a proper appreciation for important people. ~~How about these~~-- Princess, Duchess, Countess, Empress, Admiral, Viceroy, and Ambassador. In Saskatchewan, there is a place called Amazon. But to offset it, perhaps there is also one IN SASK. called Sanctuary.

Best of all, in our opinion, are two little towns in Saskatchewan with very special names. We will put it this way: if you travel around in Southern Saskatchewan, you will find Success: but if you travel around in North Saskatchewan, you will find Romance. Success and Romance are about 200 miles apart: there might be a moral in that, particularly for St. Valentine's Day.

It is a great pity, we sometimes think, that stirring names like these cannot be applied to the streets of Edmonton and Calgary. In the two great cities of Alberta, very few streets have names: for the most part, all they boast is a number, and the number is apt to be misleading.

In Calgary, not only do we use numbers for streets and the same numbers for avenues, but we also have our streets and avenues all divided up into North and South and East and West, North West and South East and all the other variations. It's all very confusing, and a great headache for the Post Office. You might be interested to know that there are 16 different ways of giving an address in Calgary, all using the same numbers. As a result, the Calgary Post Office has as much wrongly-addressed mail as the Vancouver Post Office, which handles four times as many letters. From this viewpoint Calgary has about the worst street system in C[illegible].